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ruffled by the western breeze, and turned again to address the spectre monk: he was gone. I departed, and never since visited the neighbourhood of the *Phantom Town*.

W.F.G.

FOUR SONNETS.

MORNING.

Fresh from the chambers of the eastern skies
Morning walks forth in gold—the shadows troop
Gradual away—the mountain summits rise,
Struggling thro' ambient darkness; now a group
Of things confused and indistinct appears,
Dim as to memory's eye the scenes of bygone years.
'Tis yet not quite clear morn—the shades of night,
Still darkling on the western welkin, stray;
But now another radiant glow of light
Spreads far its lustre, quick they melt away,
While, burnished with the orient's roseate hue,
Earth and her fairest scenes stand full reveal'd to view.

NOON.

Now, flaming up the heaven, the sun has made
His mid-day journey; beneath his burning rays
Earth torrid lies: delightful now the shade
That spreads its coolness where a fountain plays
In silvery meanders—there, there to lie,
Nor feel the sultry influence of the summer sky;
Serenely meditative right the soul
Traverse throughout the farthest realms of thought,
Gaze raptur'd on the landscape, and unroll
Nature's page, with heavenly wisdom fraught.
How fair and lovely the elysian scene,
While all things smile beneath the sun's meridian beam.

EVENING.

Cool, zephyry, ethereal, and serene,
Mild evening walks along the western sky,
A thousand shadows follow in her train;
How slow and stealthily they move, the eye
Scarce sees them stealing onward; like a sea,
Whose waves still roll unseen yet gain upon the lea,
Ever and anon another shadow sends,
Along the earth, its deep and dusky fold.
A balmy, soft, and freshening dew descends;
Reviving Nature, curtain'd round with gold:
Just on the verge of heav'n, with tranquil motion,
The broad-orbed sun sinks wearied in the ocean.

NIGHT.

'Tis night—the mourning vest of Nature—dark
And gloomy is the starless sky; around
A melancholy stillness reigns; but, hark!
'Tis but the hooting of the owl. A sound
Again breaks on the silence!—'tis a shrill
Cry from some lone churchyard—now all again is still.
Where now the grandeur of creation? Where
The crowds that mingled in the busy strife?
All's now a dismal chaos, lone and drear,
Rayless and black; and thus is it with life—
Awhile the scene is beautiful and bright,
Then comes one deep, and dark, and ever-during night.

W. R.

MOVING BOG.

This bog is generally known by the name of *Slogan*, or rather *Sluggan* bog, and lies on the right of the mail coach road from Randalstown to Ballymena. It is one of the largest in the County of Antrim, measuring upwards of fifteen hundred acres. On Saturday night, September 19th, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were alarmed by repeated loud reports, in some measure resembling thunder, and which they soon discovered to proceed from the bog. Shortly after the immense mass began to move, and, taking a N.W. direction, spread over about fifty perches of the mail coach road, on which it now lies, from ten to fifteen feet deep. Passing the road, on an inclined plane, it moved on to the river Main, into which it flowed. The water and mud soon formed a channel of about twelve feet deep, in the centre of the part that was moving; and is, at this date, (October 5th), still running, having nearly dammed up the river Main,

which, at the place, is of considerable breadth and depth. A good deal of damage has been done, but not so much as has been spoken of in the daily papers; upwards of thirty acres of arable land are completely covered, one house is nearly so, and a considerable quantity of corn and hay has been lost; the tops of corn stacks and hay ricks are scarcely visible; fortunately, no lives were lost. It is reported that the birds and hares fled from it, as fast as possible, on hearing the first noise. This bog underwent a similar convulsion, but on an infinitely smaller scale, in November, 1810. This extraordinary occurrence is evidently to be attributed to water, lodged beneath the peat; which, it should be observed, in this district, lies on a stratum of blue clay, impervious to water, so that when any large quantity of water accumulates below, it must, of necessity, force up the bog, as it evidently has done in the present instance, the bog being now, through a vast extent, full of great rents filled with water.

Ballymena, Oct. 5, 1855.

G—Y.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Life is subject to a variety of sorrows and disappointments; even the wealthiest, who with "velvet pace go o'er its primrose path," are not exempted from a share in the many ills that "flesh is heir to"—none, from the highest rank to the lowest, from the king to the peasant, are totally free from the intrusions of care. Sorrow, in some shape or other, is the common lot of mortality. To counteract this natural heritage of man, there are many feelings of the mind which, when existing to a high degree, tend, if not completely to neutralize, at least greatly to alleviate its acerbity. To bear with mild, but not, at the same time, passive resignation, whatever annoyances we meet with in our journey through life—to push forward with ardour, fearless of whatever apparent obstacles may lie in our way—are necessary to all who would aim at success; to repine and give way before disappointment is not only unmanly, but foolish, when we reflect that none are free from the same difficulties that we ourselves experience. Of all feelings, however, which give to the mind a tone of energy and perseverance, none seem to be so efficacious as hope. Hope, while we are in the darkness of care and sorrow, darts its warm sunbeam upon our minds, and chases away our inward gloom—

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Hope cheers and enlivens us amid the pressure of the greatest dangers and distresses—it is hope which chiefly supports men in the study of the sciences, and, indeed, in all pursuits where the result is not quite clear and certain. It is well known what opposition, even from his own followers, Columbus met with in his circuit over the yet unexplored ocean; but, cheered and supported by hope, he still persevered, till his object was attained, and America rose upon him from the bosom of the deep. When Coron was asked, after he had divided all his property among his followers, what he reserved for himself, he replied—Hope. Hope, however, when indulged to excess, may be injurious, as it may prevent us from making the proper exertions ourselves. Johnson, in a beautiful allegory, represents hope seated upon a throne, which was approached by two gates, one guarded by reason, the other by fancy. Reason admitted none without a close examination; fancy admitted them indiscriminately. Those, says he, who went in through reason's gate, soon reached the throne of hope; while those who went in through fancy's, either as they advanced found some impenetrable barrier between them, or turned at once into the valley of idleness. Thus showing that hope, as well as other passions, may exist in the extreme; and thus that it either causes men to pursue objects which a little reflection would tell them could never be realised, or that it makes them remain in total inactivity, revelling in an ideal dream of happiness which is flitting before their imagination.

But hope, when indulged in moderately, gives a feeling